Mead

100 SHEETS

WIDE RULED

11 x 8½ in / 27.9 x 21.5 cm

1 SUBJECT NOTEBOOK

VALUE QUALITY

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Bring check stubs
2 D.A. Meetings
Keep Mrs. Coleman in.

In Memorium : Matthew Shepard (1967-1998)

From your ashes, Matthew,
will spring bright green
shoots and sorrow will water them
and they will grow to be bright
flowers, tall and strong, gentle,
men of all kinds —
bricklayers, lawyers, healers,
poets, professors,
~~who will~~ men who love men
in the shops, ~~and fields~~,
~~&~~ gardens of joy,
rising up in Wyoming, Utah,
Winnebago, Nairobi,
Caracas and Nagasaki, as Wyoming
We will look you in the eye
and you will call us equal and
you will say welcome brother,
welcome brother, ~~enter here~~ you are
welcome brother, enter here.
Unafraid, and call us friend.

The Missing Tie

The advent of my first day of grammar school, (my first day of school period) filled me with terror. Until Sept. 1st 1953 I had had virtually no contact with other children. Suddenly, one morning, I found myself in a sleepy state, having reluctantly wrenched from my mother's leg my father into the car, with the assembly hall for morning assembly with 240 other boys. I was perked onto the front legs of the hall. I wasn't surprised that two hundred and forty pairs of eyes were glued to me. I was the only person in the room in a wheelchair. I sat with my fellow first formers who though only eleven years old like me towered above me

like me
like a flavor of menacing
pine trees in they wore
green blazers, gray shirts
gray ~~and green~~ and ~~red~~ ties; unlike
me, they also wore green
and red striped ties. Mine had
not arrived ~~in time~~ in the post
in time for the beginning of school.
I hoped to wear one of my father's
"darkies" as a substitute. Everyone
began the hymn for the day.
"It was "O worship the King all glorious above;"
One boy handed me the hymn
book and pointed out the page.
As I sang along, I could not help
glancing over the top of my book,
(which was shaking in my trembling
hand), and at the ~~other~~ boys. Who
were these strange creatures.
I was sick attracted to them because
they were men yet. They
had of course no facial hair,

which was already a preference of mine, they giggled, nudged each other, many of them not saying at all. I thought them rude and disrespectful. Having just a bunch of silly boys, I thought. I wondered if they knew I was the boy who had come first in the county out of 40,000 children in the 11+ exam (grammar school entrance test)? Had they seen the column about me in the local paper? Once the morning prayers were over, I pushed my way into the first form classroom. I was assigned a desk in the front row by the radiator. Thus I saw my teachers in profile. This was good, I decided, because hopefully they would be less likely to notice I was staring them. They were only 3 rows away from me in the front row

Our first lesson was French.
Immediately I excelled as I
had already studied French at
home with a tutor. My pronunciation
from the first was perfect. The
teacher was surprised at my ability
to read. I thought the boys would
begin to talk to me immediately
because my hand went up
first time at every question I
kept yelling the answer right
and prouncing them perfectly. But
the boys reaction was nil.
Indoors too, here and there, struggled
to answer and were usually wrong
totally. I was relieved. I didn't
want to be a star. I wanted to
be liked, to be one of the gang, just
one of the boys. But still they
were staring at me. Each time I
caught one looking at me, he would
look down, embarrassed, I thought
For several days I told myself
"It's the tie, my Dad's tie that's

along at, it was it, it could be. ..." Of course it was, it was my dhobby that forwarded them. Not only was I in a wheelbarrow, I was the size of a four year old in a class with elder eleven-year-olds. Finally on the fifth day of school my shoes arrived. Now I knew who had them I thought, one of them. I took it out of the envelope - a short green tie with narrow red bars across it. Like a drip of green grass, I thought, with little full of blood flung across it, beautiful in a sinister kind of way. ~~The school~~ Bodger on our blazer pockets had a ~~pelo~~ red pelican on it pecking its breast ~~with~~ to feed its young with drops of its own blood. The school motto in Latin beneath said something like "Self-sacrifice is the highest form of love." 9

remember thinking the whole idea rather disgusting and in any case disloyal, pelicans really live off fish, don't they? This crest was also the crest of the Lechmere family, the local gentry who at one time owned the school and still patronised the school. Sir Rorad Lechmere still presides as the local squire of Hanley Castle.

I proudly pulled the tie on and went off to school that morning feeling complete, and Hanley boys now, now they'd stop their teasing. But in assembly they still stared. Now I told myself, they were looking at the new tie, that was it; they had noticed my fellow's old tie had been replaced by the new one just like theirs. But they still stared, day after day after day. The odd thing is not one of them made any comment

either about my size, my "deformities" or the wheelchair. In fact for the entire term of our friendship Harley never once has I teased or mocked or called names by any of the dear boys. They even stepped up only after the debris. Breaktime was terrifying to me. For the first few days, I declined invitations to go out and play the school yard. Then, on the third day, one of the boys, Campbell, told me that "Come on," he said "We'll take you Jim." Before I could open my mouth to decline, he pushed me fast into the yard and let go. I then terrified the chair would turn over; instead it began to go round and round in elegant circles of its own accord.

I rose of my seat in a flop of
contempt, & hung on to the
arm of the chair, and went with
the flow. Suddenly I became
the center of attention. Pushing
me aside & telling me go to
a dark hole among a group
of all of us. So it was, the
chair that would find us; how
ironic, I thought (I pray
such words shall not be). They
took turn in pulling me
out into the middle of the room
where I did my "dark." They
cheered, they screamed
with delight, they applauded.
I became more & more excited,
I was on a high. Finally I was
one of them. I was the center of
attention; I was popular!
Then Thomas, a nervous ruddy-
eyed looking child joined in

The boys stood around me
in a circle. The forest
was all around me. Then suddenly
everything went upside down and
I fell over, hitting the left side
of my head. Right over
the ear, where a bullet
hole is now. In those days
there were no helmets
in the army. I was up in the
air feeling shocked and
angry. I went to the ear.
There was a large drop of my
head blood, but only
a drop. Then, I was
angry to be alive. I reclaim
my rifle and ran over
to the boy after the ball
they then they on bicycle.
Vomiting and pain set in. I
woke up in bed at home.
I was out of action for

rushed out to see me. He was
thought to be next day
taken by ambulance to the
Radcliffe Hospital in Oxford. I was
have been terrified but I was
too groggy. I was in and
out of consciousness all night.
All the way to Oxford in the car
my mother read me Kenneth Grahame's
wonderful fantasy for children,
The Wind in the Willows. I kept fading
in and out of consciousness. Once
I was aware of the hospital
the head of orthopaedic surgery
told me he would have to operate on
my head to remove the large
subdural hematoma (blood clot)
on my brain. This doctor was
South African and his name was
Mr. Pennybacker. He had become
recently famous for being the
first surgeon ever to separate
Siamese twins. He was a humane

tall man with silvery white hair and a healthy smile. I, my parents and I, that night slept. Today By this time I was nearly completely paralyzed down my left side and through after a couple of days in the hospital some of the weakness came back in my side, the doctors said the blood clot had broken and that he thought I had already had a mild stroke. It was without question the most frightening experience I've ever had. In those days this was considered a major operation. The clot was so big they would have to remove a piece of my skull to remove it. Today it might have been sucked out by a needle in my skull and pretty much as was done to me in 84 when I had another clot in the same

Jan 1000

doing this upon reading or using
the Bible. Therefore I see
they would also remove words
from their original meaning. I also
see why Jesus or his followers
would study in more depth the Word of
when they only referred to the Old

Christopher Death

On the bed next to me was a nine-year-old boy called Christopher Death. "What a terrible name," exclaimed my grandmother when she saw it on the outside of the boy's medical file. The boy's mother explained that the last name was actually Death and originally French. Due to a spelling error the "e" and the "a" in the name had left the apostrophe off the boy's name on his bed. I took his name to be an ill omen; since his first name was the same as mine and his last name was Death (I thought the mother's explanation about its real pronunciation as French origin was a lie on her part) I thought this meant the operation would kill me. The boy was due to be operated on immediately but since he had a heart cold, it was to be the day after mine. We'll discuss day after the child's tragic, sad destiny. Everyone in my ward was

Dear Death,

I'm writing to you because I'm afraid you've been misunderstood. Many people think you're scary, but I don't. I think you're just misunderstood. I'm writing to you because I want to help you. I want to help you because I think you're misunderstood. I think you're misunderstood because people don't understand you. People don't understand you because they don't know you. They don't know you because they don't want to know you. They don't want to know you because they're afraid of you. They're afraid of you because they don't understand you. They

remarkably ill. One by one they left the wards. When I asked the Nurse where they had gone, she told me they had been moved to another ward — "the Big Ward in the sky" I thought. I asked my mother and she told me they had died; another omen; soon it would be my turn. The ache began to come back in my left side, my vision returned to normal. I hoped against hope that the operation could be cancelled, but Dr Penny-packer said he had to operate, to save me from further problems in later life. As I walked to the surgery to the operating table that early September morning I was convinced these were to be my last few conscious moments on earth. In the bright blue corridors everything became super clear in my vision. The patterns of peeling paint beneath the freshly painted blue, the clatter of the trolleys racing by on their way to some distant ward, some distant land, free where, some

Assessing all. Once we have them
left to work, when I picked this
theme where they had spare, she
gave me ten key words, prepared
to smaller words: "Healing words
in Hebrew" I thought. I should use
meaningful related to New York
due, anxiety dream, where it
would be my theme. His use began
to come true in my last week, my
vision returned to normal. Indeed
dream like that is a dream could
be experienced but of course to
read regularly to others to help
me learn simple problems in life like.
On a weekly basis quite quiet to
the dreaming Table that Sarah
Scotland Mourning - surgery confirmed
these words to be my last few
symptoms weakness or death
the strength those centuries. Strength
become under closer in my vision,
the matters of passing Israel
Beneath the shoulder pushed
blue. The circle of the system
Mourning We are their words the
Jesus Christ words. ...

Author's Preface

What you will find here is far from a conventional autobiography or memoir; rather a collection of memories of people, places, things, events and times that have been life-affirming, life-threatening and life-changing for me. It's the kind of book you can open at any page and read some kind of concept out of short story. You will be frustrated only if you are over-zealous in trying to detect precisely the "when's" and "where" of the story. If you can be as relaxed and open hearted as the reader as I was in the writing — I wrote as this just moved me — I trust you will derive some pleasure from and more than a little insight into the life of someone probably very different from you and yet in many ways very much like you. I have inserted a number of short essays into the text which deal with identity, I hope

Writing Prompts

my flexibility, and a number of poems encapsulating a specific moment in time or tracing a topic relevant to the nation.

All the pieces are however arranged in a roughly chronological order beginning with early childhood and ending with the "contemporary me," living in America in the 1990's.

cozy room where people drank tea by the fire and there were no doctors or nurses or the smell of chloride, ether, disinfectant, none quiet telephone. My eyes filled with tears. I was sorry for my mother. She couldn't say it was "all going to be alright" anymore. It was the end.

I was lifted gingerly onto the operating table by two nurses. The anesthetist arrived with a large pair of scissors and a pair of rubber gloves and went to work. He asked me if I would like to watch him make Christmas trees. I had no choice but to say yes. He folded the bandage in half several times and cut little nicks out of it with the scissors "Now then," he said, "Watch carefully." He unfolded the bandage and there was a row of white Christmas trees holding onto each other like a row of men at night. Obviously

Some rooms share double and
two bathrooms and there were
no closets — or mirrors at all. Most
of Clarence, either, surely, [illegible]
rooms quiet as a place. [illegible]
Sylvia will learn [illegible]
My weight. Slightly [illegible]
If you "on [illegible] simple"
any more. [illegible]
Sylvia dyed [illegible]
the classmates talk [illegible]. Nurse:
the embroidery pattern [illegible]
a large pair of scissors as [illegible]
of white paper. [illegible]
nurses, wearing [illegible]
he curled [illegible]
wasn't him [illegible]
[illegible] me [illegible]
[illegible]. He [illegible]
in real [illegible]
a little week [illegible]
the nurse. "I'm on the," he
Jess. "Most [illegible]," the
unfold to the [illegible]
open a towel [illegible]
Jess [illegible] to a [illegible]
the [illegible] of her [illegible]. Obviously

this is a distortion technique" I thought. Hey hope you'll focus on the trees to alleviate your fear of death. They start me up with anxiety. Love Lorraine, from a funded, cousin Jordan. Twice I got in for circle Turtles "You're unhappy," said the doctor, "I gave you drugs to put out a man that's like you. me. You must be hyperactive." I rotter that's this. No wonder I'd always had no real energy. I learned last year from a medical manual that one of the symptoms is a high tolerance for drugs. I wonder if later years I could drink most of my friends under the table. Frankly, at this rate I could count only on to seventy-five...

[illegible] I was the only man who could [illegible] the single white coat which underscored and turned inside out at the seams. I wish I could remember the brand name. I remember it gave me hope. Once I had begun [illegible]

what it was that I was doing
and not in the care of Hell, that
I drunken the op. anyth; only
vomit would have brought relief and
joy to me. The intense pain in
my head only lasted a hundred
days and the remaining week
I spent in the hospital was mostly
my endeavour to get off "op" but
because I had become
chronically constipated. I was
used to gentle laxatives at home
and "unclogging" with my pain.
At the Nuffield I was given large
doses of codeine which though
they hardly dented my pain
made me violently sick for days a
end, also the nurses were on
strike and only a few "hard cases"
were left to perform minimal
duties. Part of the duties I say is
my own feeling only for help
(there were no buzzers in the toilets)
& I was for a nurse to come.
At last I was able to get
dressed & I went down to the school
with my head bandaged and "

wrestler cop on my head.
There was a time when
a cast was wheeled into the
classroom by my mother. Then
the whole room knew
what an offense. Yesterday
teacher, Mr. Gallant, asked
boys to do something for me.
He had one row, Phil Potts
row of his own accord,
taken up a collection from
the boys and brought me
a gift. Phil Potts, a tiny
red haired boy with ruddy
features, flunked regular
and was stay with enrollment
rules) me a tin toy. It
was a cream-colored tin
with a golden trim as a photo
of a white horse's head on it
I was touched by the gift and
more especially by Phil Potts'
gesture. I had never spoken to
him before the accident. He
wasn't bright and rarely came
last or next to last in class
I had hoped we'd become friends

I began to befriend a boy called Steiner. We would hang out in the bathroom (restroom) together and talk about our parents. I told him about my father's drinking. I never got emotional. I don't think I ever replied any of the abusive words that occurred. As years back into the friendship, I heard an rumor that Steiner had been the one who'd pushed my over-turned my chair. A year or so later I began rumors that he had had a nervous breakdown after I went to hospital; as he was worked by guilt I suppose. I never asked him about this. I appreciate his offer of friendship over his amends for happy moments. It turned out by a strange and wonderful quirk of fate that his father was a professor of German at Birmingham University. Thanks to Prof. Steiner, I got an interview at the University and was subsequently accepted. So becoming one with boys through an accident led to my future career as a student, a professor and ultimately to my immigration to this country. A flick of Steiner's wrist decided my fate. His intention was a good one after all. He wanted

make her laugh, telling stories, doing imitations of the teachers at school. I was different from everyone there. The other middle class boys were mostly (boarders in whole boarding house (about 40 boys altogether 240 total of boys). The grandeur of class in this country in England was a matter of wealth & class I'm a foreigner but to an English person they made (as still do for all I know) a world of difference. The (boarders came from families with more money than mine and there a minor public school was the 'order of the day "for money their children." I felt inferior to these boys. Their parents were often professional people in London. They came from London where one went to the Opera, the Symphony, big art exhibits, learned a foreign language as a normal instrument as a hobby. My parents were educated people but not I loved my highly educated. So I felt inferior to these boys. At first I felt superior to the working class boys; I sort of identified with them, being like them rebellious. As the years went on I

keep out more wild than boys.
But Nancy Lee they usually got
C's D's and F's, I got A's and B's.
I was considered one of the
"Good girls not to keep out with the bad"
Nothing like the "Teddy boys."
Several had been to Borstal
(Juvenile prison) carried flick-
knives (switchblades) and wore
Elvis Presley hairdos and
"winkle pickers" shoes (pointed
toed shoes) shoes.
I was never party to either.
I think they just I was too
middle class and left me by
the back door I rather liked not
as got good grades (I was
always in the first ten in a
class of 40). I remember myself as
being naughty in class, always getting into
trouble and having on my report
card "could comments as "Jekyll
Chapter could only try Harder,

work did well. However, when
finally my mother in England died in 1950,
I brought up the subject of my
research & showed her the finished
my report cards. They all bore
"excellent work," "hard-working,"
"keen." The working class boys
felt belonging by me for not having
enough of a background; the middle class
boys probably looked down on
me a bit because I was a local
boy & only I did very good grades.
So I was a bit of a loner. Yet I
was popular. Never once did
the boys tease me about my
role as the headteacher. I wonder
now how much this was to do
with my curving my handicap.
Perhaps they felt a reverence to
me. I had learned my "as he does
of course" as to start. I had
finished my notes. I was
also the class clown. I wore
coat & tie that I owned here
then in studies. I found many of the

teachers amusing. Never having been in a classroom before, I had no idea about class etiquette; I didn't know that you often had to suppress your reactions. Shortly, I learned in order not to get out of hand. I found some of the teachers ~~have~~ behavior funny that the other boys might not have, and I got "taken to the woodshed" with my laughter. For example the history teacher Mr. Ottavy, who after graduation became a friend of mine loved to pomp around and strut up. He was always at the table at the front of the class. He had a habit of wiping the table clean of chalk dust with his sleeve. His back was all the time to the boys when he was doing this. He did this with great ceremony and not knowing if he were Caesar or Napoleon about to address his people. I found this extraordinarily funny and couldn't help it, I burst out laughing. This was ~~a~~ shocking to the rest of the class. Girls of style giggle. My problem ~~was~~ was that I was inept at styling. They of course had years of styling practice in elementary school. I decided to adopt their technique of holding my nose to keep in the giggles.

Every few records however I had to
throw for air as I ran out of breath.
Then I would let out a loud giggle and
blow my cover. Then I would get chastised
for laughing. When the head of the class was
laughing out loud, only then, I
always received support to what I should be
responsible for laughing that they were. A truly
perceptive teacher used how to use the
words lovingly by the way the words bounce up and
down boldly like roses! I managed to
stay relatively unnoticed for a while but
keeping her responsible revelations, my
darkness was brought to the front row right
under the teacher's eye. My stylish (or emphatic
act) comes at the end of the frog.
Moseley, one of the naughty boys that sat
in the desk behind me, had thrown crumpled
balls of frog alcohol wax just before
history class. He gave me a piece of crumpled
up ball from him I had to throw to
try to get it to the trash box (a mirror image
of the one which) the head of the frog
would "pendemonium" onto the teacher's desk.
My plan also had the added advantage
of receding from the teacher the plank of the
frog. It would seem as if the frog
landed from another place, catching

on the teacher's desk. I had never written about anything. Every day I was up for playing the fool guy for the class, and I had to be the thrower and therefore, I caught the ball of the play. Mr Ollary came in and performed his usual ceremony of desk-ship with his claws, nervously, into the chalk box. This produced a fine letter from the boys, a real gasp from me. His right hand involved in chalk from the chalk box. I was afraid I would be the box on his head. He gave me a original idea I could not get away with it. He had a deep breath and from the pile of grit I took a handful of the box, the boy popped up and put his head above the box for the boys to see. He had a goggle-eyed look about to cross a enemy flight. It not there but only on for at least a while. Nobody no, I was quick with the pile of gravel to throw it to box to get the boy to jump out- duly threw the pebble as the magic boy jumped out of the box as began happy to fake circles around Mr Ollary Hoo. The box too much, I thought I would die

laughing; this was the funniest thing I'd ever seen. I still can't tell this tale to a friend without bursting out laughing. I began laughing hysterically. This being my greatest stylish clothes, I burst up & down like a mad laughing machine. Tears rolled down my cheeks. Mr. Ottaway asked me if anything was the matter. I came up for air long enough to answer a curt "No, Sir," & went back to nose-hiding, ear-boxing. He finally shooed off down the aisle between the desks to deliver his lecture. By this time my laughter was hysterical & non-stop. Suddenly my desk-top looked strange. I felt light headed. My desk top was covered with a sticky blood — my own. I realized I must have had a bloody nose & my nose was gushing blood. I was shuttled off to the Matron (school nurse's) office. There the matron promptly made me comfortable & welcomed Marlene as a new pupil in her hysterics. I was always dubbed her (always related by native admirers as jabbering Jay). I became "normal again" and went to Mr. Ottaway's office to explain the reason for my hysteria. He declared I needed to have blood letting, hence full blown hysterics.

this was the end of my daughter in law, or, at least, as far as I was concerned. I entered the courtroom where the dress code examiners began their work. Forty minutes I was kept of the class. I felt nervous. At first I was first in every subject except Math and Physics. Finally after I was top of the class, miss Pauline was immediately asked "Where's your come in Ruth?" Twenty-second," I replied, "Then you're already" he yelled and went out, slamming the door. Even as I write this, I feel the sword of this remark. Finally I thought, Finally, someday I will be proud of me. Because Ruth was my specialty and this gift, hard work and the God related, eventually, led I was first in Ruth, he would have told me there. The subject was pony express and that Ruth. "Probably he would have seen" So you're just a Ruth, how can you get far in all these? You're a lazy bum." Nothing I ever did was good enough for him. Thank God I have a mother who always said "So long as you're doing your best, I don't care where you are".

clear; today as you're leaving and you're reasonably happy, feel like Cinderella. I was never happy in grammar school. I was glad to be in school; it was an escape from the horrors of the prior evening. Waiting for a joyful letter every day. Most of the time now I feel like I did when I was in the class. Neurotic neurotic clam. I am just another recovering alcoholic among many — grateful to be sober, to be alive, to be part of the human race. I frequently wear a tie. I like them. I have a large collection. I enjoy looking concerned when I'm not. My beard and my longer-than-average hair give you a clue. I have a photo of my class at Hanley from 1959 when I was thirteen. I have a pale moon face and a long shaggy ruler. I look sad. I'm "hearing up".

Of course I was depressed and lonely; I thought I was by now popular, I had few friends. Being smarter than most people has its downside. My witty performing only got the boys' attention but not their intimacy. I poked them at a distance because I was terrified they would come to tell them what

what was going on at home with my father. My teenage years are a grey blur: except for the horrors of O and A level exams and the arrival of and my obsession with Roger Jackson, the German teacher.

At the beginning of the second term in 1961 two new teachers arrived, — a new style of physical education teacher and a new German teacher. The two new men strolled slowly into assembly at first the PE teacher Mr. Glenn introduced me, he was short and very muscly. The German teacher was tall and skinny — not my type I thought. I was disappointed as I had hoped up for Herr Oberst Cocteau and couldn't care less about PE, but then, like every boy after boy in the world I was eyes on Mr Jackson, I became enthroned. I have a natural gift for languages and now I wished extra hard at German to please Roger and I called him in my fantasies. I imagined us hand in hand playing tennis, cosmos round our necks on some deserted Greek island and the trees in

in the Black Forest, or strolling up the Champs Elysées or staring in awe at the statue of Michelangelo's "David". Sex was never a part of this fantasy. I did not masturbate to this image at least not for several years after I had learned what sex was. It wasn't until after I graduated high school at age 21 that I threw that Rodin image or Roberto Moore. I felt the need of my sexuality I was developing a life of secret longing, the best I could hope for, at that age, was a close friend to whom I might masturbate, instead, at home alone. My orgasms were my secret — my secret suffering. This became the fuel for my creativity. I had read about the tortured life of the closeted gay poet A.E. Housman who fell in love with an

American soldier Club at Cambridge; all very good & one thanks — a man who did not even know of his home but does return it. But Hemingway did write "A Shropshire Lad" which was so obsessed with Peace that I think about him nearly per day the time. How I managed to do so well in my exams is a mystery to me. Had it not been for my mother helping me learn masses of material by rote imperative for the examinations (certain different subjects) I would probably have failed all the English and foreign languages for which I had a natural Proficiency. Because I was in love with Rose I worked especially hard at German. I read Heine. The language is grammatically more difficult than French & less attractive, pleasing to the ear than French. I was rich with images before a lot of the dreams; especially

Quotes for Frontispiece

"We maintain we have the right to exist after the fashion which nature made us. (John Addington Symonds)

~~nineteenth Century British psychologists~~

"A minority is only thought of as a minority when it constitutes some kind of threat to the majority, real or imaginary. And no threat is ever quite imaginary. (Christopher Isherwood)

Camerado, this is no book,
Who touches this, touches a man.
(Leaves of Grass, Walt Whitman)

Generally I intend to please
people by getting a high pass. The grades
ranges from one to six (one being the
lowest). I knew I'd do anything to make
Roger smile, I decided. But because
we weighted so much in the exams,
I failed one of the subjects
because my performance. Worry all, I failed
Geography. My relatively poor
showing in the exams did not reflect
my excellent class work. Luckily
I was able to re-sit the exams & I passed
[illegible]. If you got a one or two in a
subject you could then go on to take
A levels in that subject. In my case I
got a three in Geography & then two
in French & English in the first try.
My previous Pairing paired Eyle for
of the only time in my
class after. I believe Harold
was one of the first students
ever to join the school. In those
days examinations were not only
how you were graded & streamed.
However brilliantly you did in your

homework or in the classroom
didn't concern. I began to get an
attitude about the unfairness of it all.
Here the grade point average
system which encompasses class and
homework with examperformance
is much fairer. I want the only
boy with a rebellious attitude. One
boy a tiny tough Worthington
"boiler" called Bran as "Bonker."
actually set fire to his O level
examination with a cigarette
lighter. He became my hero.
Soon after he was expelled
for partying a tent on the playing
fields and crashing back on
a jet-on a pot-hole coming home
inside. Bonker was brilliant at
Rolls-Royce heard later that
he eventually went on to get
a B.S. with honours in Math at
Manchester University. I wonder if

Border was gay; he hated Roger with a passion, he hated the name Roger and the [illegible] him feeling he didn't want to choose. There was a boy in my form called Styles who was blonde and blue-eyed. They called him pretty and I guess he was though I never told him. Rumour had it that he had "loved around with" Roger Tolan in the back of John Pertwee's car. Roger Styles wasn't gay (no-one identified themselves as such). Perhaps they knew I was deeply at the time I told myself. I was probably jealous. Here was this "silly", not very bright boy filling the "gap" in my love. I felt homeless at the time above being gay. I didn't mind keeping my secret (my shame) to myself but I was determined to spend the rest of my life not only hoping for what I couldn't have, but watching other non-dunkers [illegible] I didn't sleep for days after I heard the rumor. Furthermore I found the boy ugly; at very least I told myself, Roger could have picked a handsome boy to [illegible] with and a clever one - like me for instance. Roger was super-intendent of the boarding-house; the

was where the pseudo-affairs between the boys mostly went on. Certain couples were inseparable. A lot of the sexual activity went on in the fields next to the cricket pitch. The explanation for homosexual (mutual masturbation!) was "going in the long grass". Simon introduced to game boy game by a regularly unattractive boy called Smithson. Declined. Today I was heavily attracted to Simon's new device. Simon fragile as being physically unprepossessing, after that I would not be able to perform sexually. Besides I got down on all the dirty games known. Here boys did not have sex after 9 light. They only did it for sexual release. Mostly of course they fooled around girls. Some of them went with the local village prostitute, a seventeen year old called Rosabella. For one pound she would give you a "hand job." Smithson said she would do this for me for nothing. Again I declined, frankly because I was never attracted to women and

(6) because I had no idea
what [illegible] are to
be going to ask. I wonder if
any old Harley boys like get together,
drink beer and reminisce about
the long gones? I'm sure they
don't, their pasts mean no
daily reference. Their pasts all
moved with them now. Yet
I wonder of these boys, what
ones, like me, die unmarried
gay, women, get more
partners?

me as an equal. My chair had
bowed us next to Ty. I see him
sometimes when I return to Taylor.
He's married now with two kids and owns
an auto body shop of his own. We have
nothing in common as far as interests go,
but he remembers my father, my home,
the hard times of my childhood. He's been a
true friend. There's not much I can
say to sleeve now. Perhaps she dies
well dreams the tipping over incident
but probably not. I guess he knows
I know. He knows why I pray we
never talk about, why we are two to
~~shatter~~ keep it.

Left-Wing Angel

Until the Lord Jesus comes back to Harley I was very conservative and religious. I was a tied-in-the-wool Tory like my Grandfather whom I loved and respected. I'm embarrassed now looking back at what a very-pleased little Prig I was. I may have been the brightest boy in the class. My moral yardstick was that righteous character Dr's angel. My heart aches remembering I think of her. Then a boarder. His parents were reputed to be wealthy; his father was a professional photographer, his mother an artist of some kind. She had been a communist during the War. She would come to Prize Giving wearing a black leather mini-skirt and boots. She was startlingly beautiful. She looked like a Spanish flamenco dancer. Rowdy father was handsome too; he had thick white hair and a goatee beard. They would drive off to London in their white Mini car. They went off to a life I could only dream of. Underlying parents unpleasantness I'm sure, however

read the Works of Marx, Lenin and Joseph Conrad by the age of twelve. I remember in art class reading a copy of "The Secret Agent" resting on his knees under his desk. He wrote poetry which was published in the school magazine (mine was always rejected). In the fourth form art class we had our assignment for the fall semester was to design a Christmas card. Most of the boys chose religious subjects — the nativity, an angel with a crown in it. I chose the latter. I remember noticing it. I had no idea what to draw so I copied the others. There was a prize for the best card. Angel won the prize. I was shocked at his card. It showed an empty beer bottle resting in the embers of a fireplace. His cynical obvious attention drew of Christmas appalled me. We disagreed about everything. I was NIXON to his Kennedy, his Harold MacMillan (the then British Prime Minister) to his Harold Wilson (leader of the Labour Party and subsequently Prime Minister). We got into shouting matches

in which he would become [illegible] for
us. Upon me both Sybil, I [illegible]
angry. I should have given him a good
run for his money. I thought he hated
me. I don't hate him exactly. I
hated his politics. I was torn —
on the one hand jealous of his reputation
as religious, on the other angry at his
Party ways. Then a remarkable thing happened.
At the penultimate prayer, when
I was about eighteen, my mother and
Angel happened to join themselves
walking next to Dad just as the
tent where the festivities were to take
place. Angel was to get prizes,
I won't. I felt the envy sting my
mother for walking to him. When
we got in the car to go home, I
asked exactly what they had talked about.
"Did he say he hates me?" I asked.
"Good Heavens, no," said my
mother. "He said he always has liked
you very much. The rest I remember
I felt quite different about him.
I realized how handsome he was.
I wondered if he was gay. But
I heard him talking about his girl
friend in London. I [illegible] take

friendly to him but it was too late now. He was studying for the Oxford Entrance Exams. He was too busy. We went to see a play at the Globe. I could hardly concentrate on the play, even though I knew a Redgrave was playing Rosalind in "As You Like It." I felt my legs shake by my legs for Roger. He's been in love within a month of us first knowing each other. Angel went to Oxford and got a triple first in Politics, Philosophy and Economics. I heard of his exploits for our history professor (she hero-worshipped him). I have always thought he's be sorry. Where are you now, Hetty Wainthropp, Angel, which way did you fly? Perhaps in Heaven we'll agree — now that I'm a student and more versed in your philosophies — perhaps we could be friends. She tried to track him down: the history professor died in the 70's; his wife has no record of Angel. Is she an Oxford Don? Is she married? Has she written books? Richard reads

a drink like me? One day, I
think, one day, I'll find out.
Well get together in London or in
Paris, we'll talk about Harley,
we'll laugh & I'll be cry
I'll drink my coffee. Keep it from his
bottle on the floor.

Q: Why do you think so many children's books are about animals?
(Perhaps because children love animals, and they are not frightened of them in real life.)

I wonder what he looks like now—
I wonder if he was gray. He probably became a plumber, a carpenter or a coalman. He was expelled from school several years later for activity in the Lavatory. His real crime was that he was working class in a school run by middle class teachers many of whom had been at the school when it was a public (private) school before the War. I was unjustified like this that made me want to be a teacher. Philpotts probably had what is now called A.D.D. I think definitely dyslexic. I may have had this at the time too. It would take me at least five hours to do homework that was supposed to take me only an hour. I would stay up till one or two in the morning. My mother complained to the Head that I was being given too much work to do, but he said I was given no more than anyone else. Hearing Boys, I just it no wonder I couldn't concentrate, when

you have a father. She is a rage-
aholic drunk coming home every
evening. She is likely to yell
and yell for no reason. She had
proved I was smarter than most
by my 11+ exam results. Further
I had encouragement at home
from my mother. My English teacher
would write in mine in red ink that I
had "not sufficiently developed my theme"
No problem here, he never taught me
how to do this. I am not a lazy person.
As a reward I'd ask my homework, I
could read a book, watch "I Love Lucy",
or "The Dick Van Dyke show" on
the T.V. or go into the garden and
daydream by the fishpond on summer
evenings. I was often sent away
this hearing with cards and working up
loudly. I was usually glad to be
sent so I could stay home on
one of my favorite days; a "Mummy
boy" I loved being at home during
the day. Though I'm no longer
called little Hotel, days at home
in many ways were more enjoyable
now. I could talk to my mother
We understood each other.

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